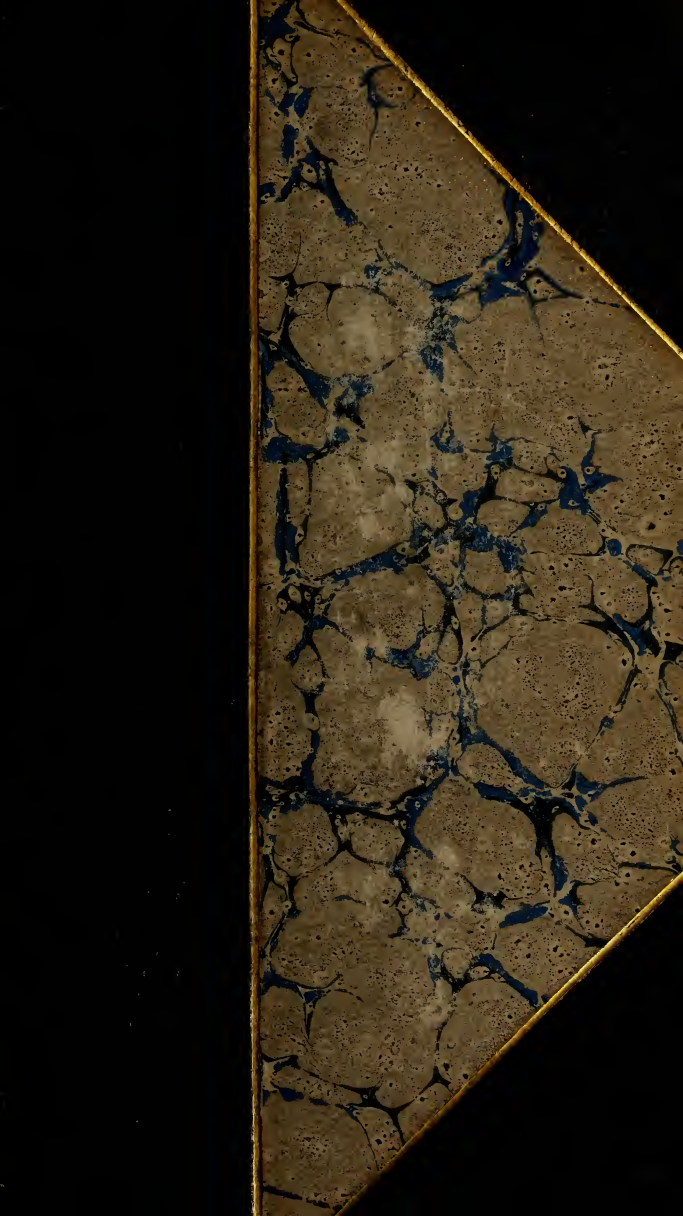
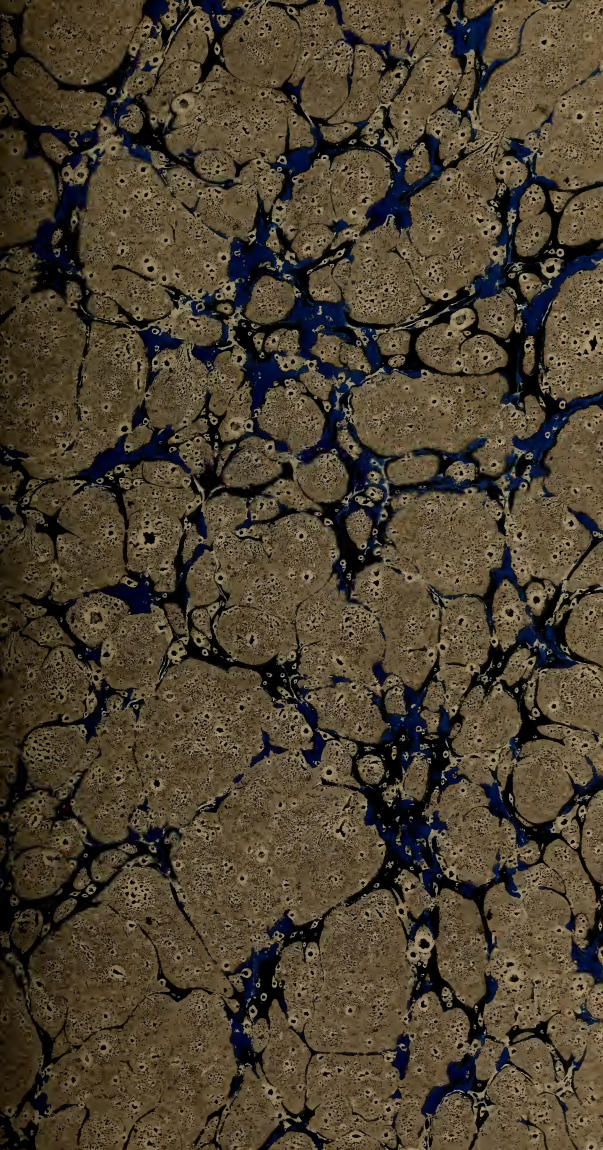
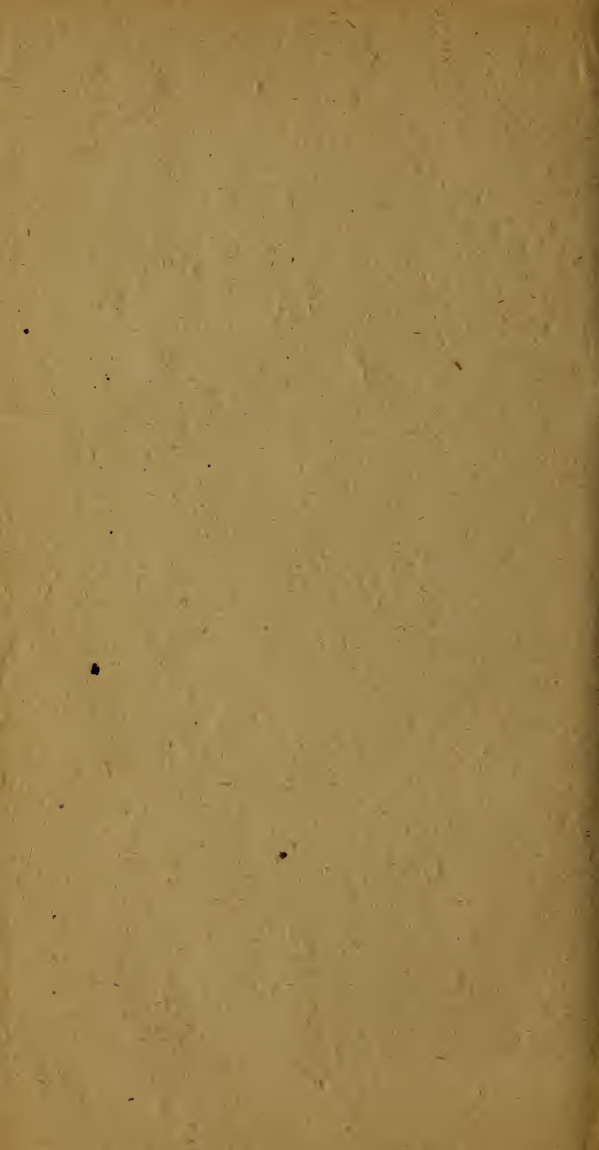










1299
Gae tak your auld Cloak a-
bout ye.

Low down int he broom.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO
WOODLAND MAI



Glasgow,—Printed for the Booksellers.

TAK YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.

In winter when the rain rain'd cauld,
And frost and snaw on ilka hill,
Boreas, with his blast sae bauld,
Was threat'ning a' our kye to kill.
"Well, my wife, wha lo'es nae strife,
" Said to me right hastily,
" Goodman, save Crumie's life,
" And tak your auld Cloak about ye.

" Crumie is a useful row,
" And she is come of a good kin';
" Has she wet the bairns' mou'
" And I am laith that she should tyne;
" Set up, goodman, it is fu' time,
" The sun shines frae the lift see hie,
" Sloth never made a gracious end,
" Go tak' your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was ance a good grey cloak,
When it fitting for my wear;
But now it's scanty worth a groat,
For I have worn't these thretty year.
Let's spend the gear that we have won,
We little ken the day we'll die;
Then I'll be proud, since I hae sworn
To hae a new cloak about me.

In days when our King Robert rang,
 His trews they cost but hauf a crown;
 He said they were a groat owre dear,
 And ca'd the tailor thief and lown:
 He was the king that wore a crown,
 And thou'rt a man of laigh degree;
 'Tis pride puts a' the countrie down,
 Sae tak your auld cloak about ye.

Every land has its ain haugh,
 Ilka kind of corn has its ain hool;
 I think the warld is a' gane daft,
 When ilka wife her man wad rule.
 Do you not see Rob, Jock, and Hab,
 How they are girded gallantlie,
 While I sit hunklen in the ase;
 I'll hae a new cloak about me.

Goodman, I wat, 'tis thretty years
 Since we did anither ken;
 And we hae had atween us twa,
 Of lads and bonny lasses, ten!
 Now they are women grown and men,
 I wish and pray weel may they be;
 And why wilt thou n^esel misken?
 E'en tak your auld cloak about ye.

Tell my wife, she lo'es nae strife,
 But she wad guide me, if she can
 And to maintain an easy life

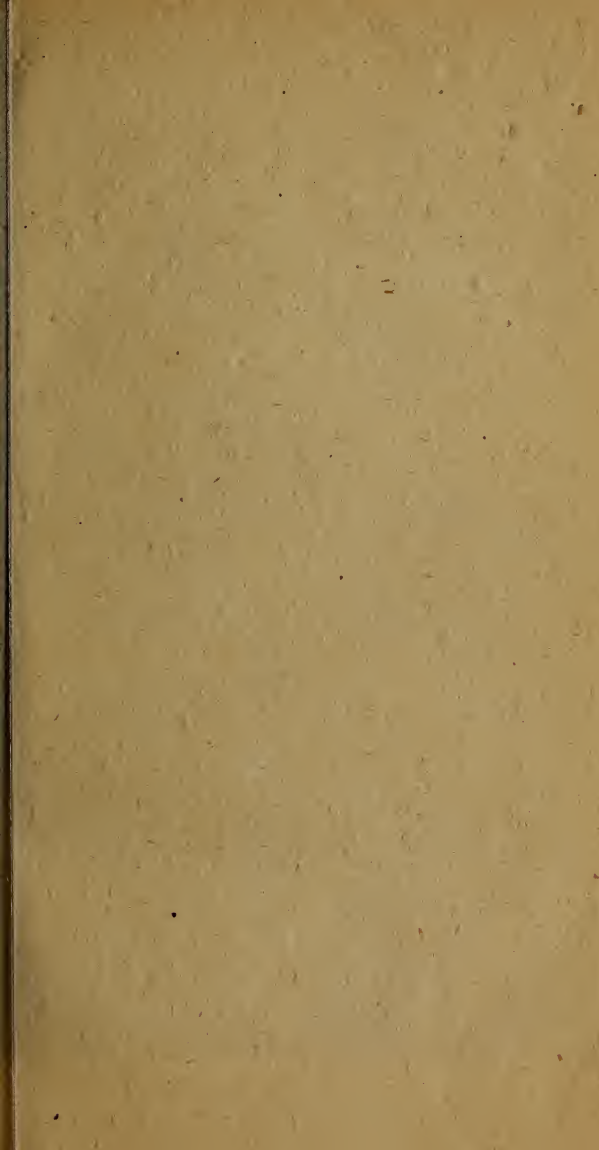
Aft maun yield tho' I'm goodman,
 Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
 Unless ye gie her a' the plea;
 Sae I'll leave aft where I began,
 And tak my auld cleak about me.

LOW DOWN IN THE BROOM.

My daddie is a canker'd carle,
 He'll no twin with his gear,
 My minnie she's a scaulding wife,
 Hauls a' the house a-steer;
 But let them say, or let them do,
 Its a' ane to me.
 For he's low down, he's in the broom,
 That's waiting on me;
 Waiting on me, my love,
 He's waiting on me;
 For he's low down, he's in the broom,
 That's waiting on me.

My auntie Kate sit at her wheel,
 And sair she lightlies me;
 But weel ken I, it's a' envy,
 For ne'er a jo has she.
 But let them say, &c.

My cousin Kate was sair beguil'd
 With Johnnie in the glen;





And aye since syne: she cries, beware
O' false deluding men.

But let them say, &c.

Gleed Sandy he came wast ae night,

And spei'd when I saw Pate?

And aye since syne the neighbours round

They jeer me air and late.

But let them say, or let them do,

It's a' ane to me;

For I'll gae to the bonnie lad

That's waiting on me;

Waiting on me, my love,

He's waiting on me;

For he's low down he's in the broom,

That's waiting on me.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO

John Anderson, my jo, John,

When we were first acquent,

Your locks were like the raven,

Your bonnie brow waa' brent;

But now your head's turned bald, John,

Your locks are like the snow,

Yet, blessings on your frosty pow,

John Anderson, my jo.

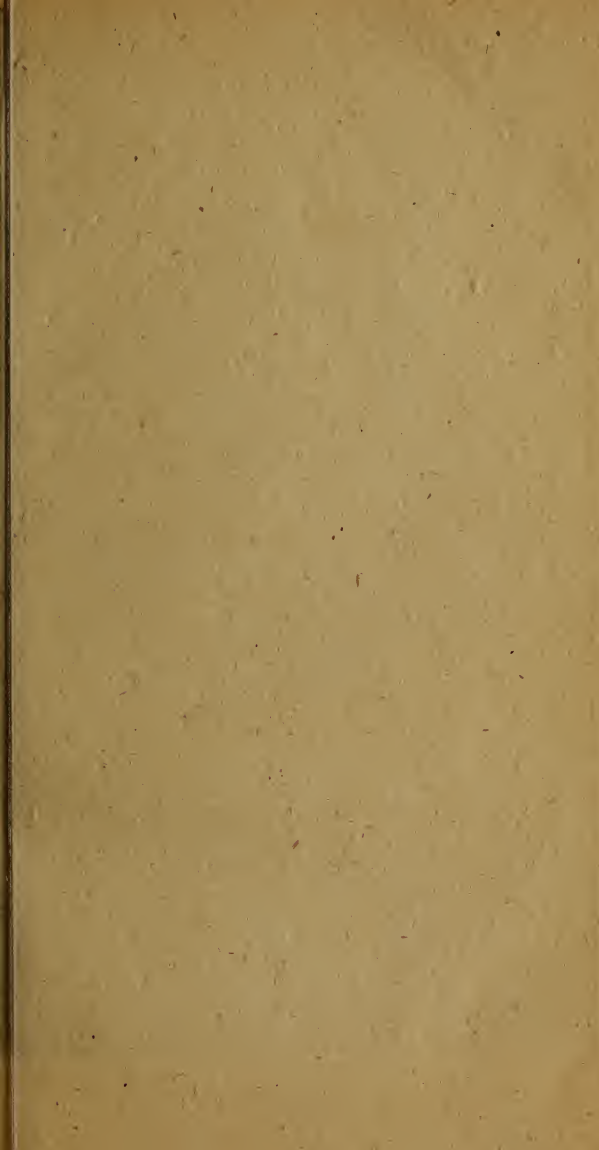
John Anderson, my jo, John,

When nature first began
 To try her cannie hand, John,
 Her master-work was man;
 And you amang them a' John,
 Sae trig frae tap to toe,
 She proved to be nae journey-work,
 John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 Ye were my first conceit,
 And ye need na think it strange, John,
 Though I ca' ye trim and neat;
 Though some folks say ye're auld, John,
 I never think you so,
 But I think ye're aye the same to me,
 John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 We've seen our bairns' bairns,
 And yet, my dear John Anderson,
 I'm happy in your arms;
 And sae are ye, in mine, John,
 I'm sure ye'll ne'er say no,
 Though the days are gane that we have
 seen,
 John Anderson, my jo,

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 What pleasure does it gie,
 To see so many sprouts, John,



Spring up 'tween you and me;
 And ilka lad and lass, John,
 In our footsteps to go,
 Take perfect heaven here on earth,
 John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 Frae year to year we've past;
 And soon that year maun come, John,
 Will bring us to our last;
 But let na that affright us, John,
 Our hearts were ne'er our foe,
 While in innocent delight we lived,
 John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill thegither,
 And many a cantie day, John,
 We've had with ane anither;
 Now we maun totter down, John,
 But hand in hand we'll go,
 And we'll sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson, my jo.

THE WOODLAND MAID.

Woodland maid, my beauty's queen,
 A nature's simple charms array'd.
 Thine heart subdues, that matchless mien

Still binds me to the woodland maid.

Let others sigh for mines of gold,
For wide domain, for gay parade;
I would unmov'd such toys behold,
Possess'd of thee, sweet woodland maid.

FINIS.

